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# HARVEY KURTZMAN'S FAST-ACTING



35-

# HELP!

*Don't reach for that pill! Sit still and go crazy with the best cartoons, photos and satire from America's zaniest humor magazine*



# HARVEY KURTZMAN'S FAST-ACTING HELP!

HELP! GUARANTEED MORE HABIT-FORMING  
THAN ANY OTHER FAST-ADDICTING DRUG

For fast, fast, fast relief from blues, boredom and banality, here is a collection of uncensored impudence culled from the crazy pages of HELP!, the star satire magazine.

Created by Harvey Kurtzman, the man who brought satire to the man in the street and elevated the comic strip to an art form, HELP! pokes thinking man's fun at practically everyone —from Kennedy to Castro, from Tarzan to Tonto, from the typing pool to the status seeker. HELP! milks all manner of sacred cows, kids the pants off movies, TV, pretty girls, Broadway producers, big business, and gives the final proof that levity is the soul of wit.

This book is dedicated to:

Tony Ahearn  
Chuck Alverson  
Orson Bean  
Burt Bernstein  
Bob Blechman  
Ray Bradbury  
Algis Budrys  
Knox Burger  
Sid Caesar  
Nona Candler  
Jack Carter  
Harry Chester  
Paul Coker  
Jack Davis  
Peter de Vries  
Hugh Downs  
Jim Durst  
Don Edwing  
Will Eisner  
Will Elder  
Don Ellefson  
Robert Elliot  
Ed Fisher  
Phil Ford  
Stan Freberg  
John G. Fuller  
Gerry Gardner  
Dave Garroway  
Bill Gelhand  
Woody Gellman  
Paul Glaser

Jackie Gleason  
Norm Glovsky  
Bob Grossman  
Ron Harris  
Marc Hiesler  
Bill Helmer  
Mimi Hines  
Art Hyde  
Phil Interlandi  
Frank Interlandi  
Al Jaffee  
Will Jordan  
Milt Kamen  
Jan Kindler  
George Kirgo  
Ernie Kovacs  
Nancy Kovack  
Bruce Krefting  
Jerry Lewis  
Jane Mason  
Laurie Mathews  
Gerry Matthews  
Harry McDonnell  
Paul Mertz  
Robert Mertz  
Sylvia Miles  
Ron Miller  
Bill Murphy  
Jerry Nachman  
Dawn Nickerson  
Dean Norman

Who all helped HELP!



## INTRODUCTION



I think it was Sam Goldwyn who, when giving an opinion on "message" movies said the following immortal words: "You want to send a message—call Western Union." While I have kept this deathless axiom posted in front of me on my bulletin board in Da-Glo, I secretly like to think I've been that foolish as not to have subscribed to Mr. Goldwyn's advice 100%. This collection of 160 pages of foolishness is chock filled with sneaky messages and represents a year of *HELP!* from which we have skimmed the cream of *HELP!*'s photos and cartoons for you and here's what we've got.

For those of you who remember *MAD* Magazine in 1952, you will find here the cartoons of Davis and Elder who helped me to shape the original *Mad* format.



You will also see the cartoons of Ed Fisher, one of America's finest cartoon satirists. You will see Coker, Murphy, Wilson, Thaler . . . all excellent cartoonists, current. And we also have great cartoonists past, like Kley and Leoncet.

You'll find Wohl's Wohlnuts.

You'll find Milt Kamen and Dick Van Dyke acting in our posed picture "fumettis." This exclusive picture-story technique is one we borrowed from Italy where *fumettis* (puffs of smoke) have been wildly popular for years. . . .

And you will find a careful compendium of captioned stock shots painstakingly garnered from vast collections of Hollywood stills, Broadway photos, publicity shots, and the wire photo services of UPI and AP.

And if we tried to tell you what we've included from the year of *HELP!* you should see what we didn't have room for.

As I said in my opening, this is a collection of the kind of humor that has foolishly concerned itself with messages. We have tried to be funny too and if while you are reading, you are *laughing* while you are reading and you are *thinking* while you are reading, this little collection will have served its purpose.

—Harvey Kurtzman  
September 1961



HARVEY KURTZMAN'S  
**FAST-  
ACTING**  
**HELP!**

A GOLD MEDAL BOOK

From *HELP!* Magazine  
which is edited by  
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and published by  
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Later,  
you mad  
fool!

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All characters in this book are fictional  
and any resemblance to persons living or dead  
is purely incidental.

Printed in the United States of America





# DOPGATCH REVISITED

BY Ed Fisher and Will Elder

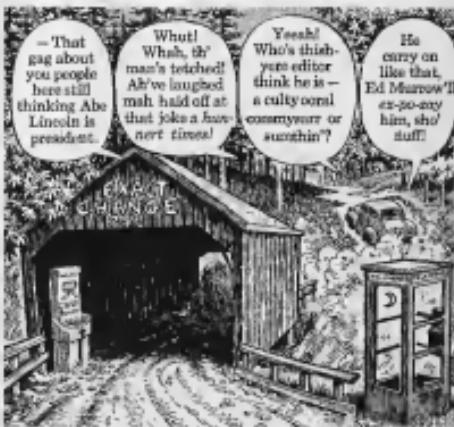
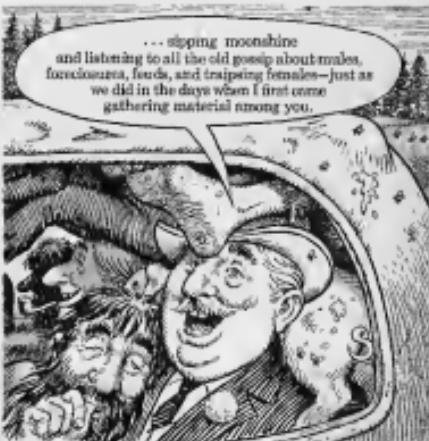
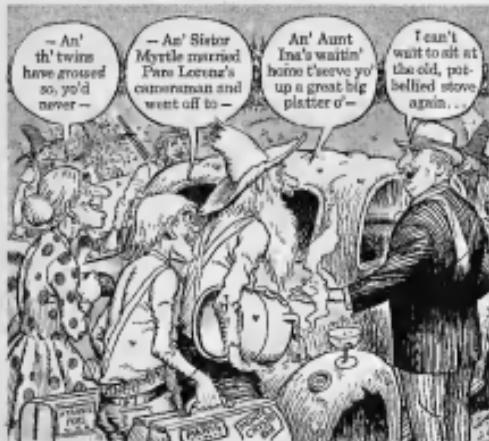
## SOCIETY NOTES

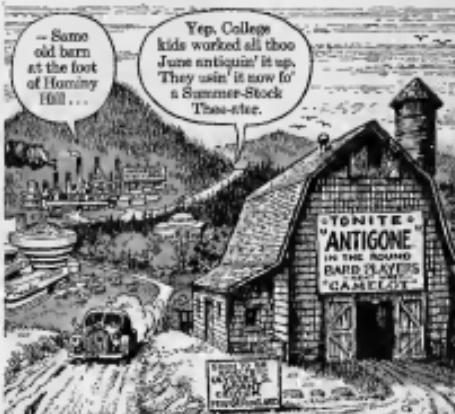
KLINE BISSELL, AUTHOR  
TO VISIT OZARK KIN.

DOUG/TCH, March 15.—The Bissell clan, heros behind the *DOGPATCH* cartoon, is visiting the famous New York author Kline Bissell, creator of the famous *Woolly Bully* comic strip. From the Hollywood studios and the sensational London premiering of the musical-comedy version of his tales, Mr. Bissell will be entertained at the house of his cousins, Mr. & Mrs. George Bissell, where an old-fashioned covered dish dinner and a square dance has been arranged. The

Der Bissell-Klans reisen nach den USA, um indische Männer dabei und abzuhören. Ein großer Kino- und Radiostar, in diesem über den jahre Bissell-Bissell, wird den alten Harry Bissell wieder auf die Bühne bringen. Er wird den Helfer im MC in den Park. Der alte Kline Bissell wird unter fünf oder zehn Händen von den anderen Bissells umringt und unter die Knie gesetzt; oder wenn er das auf seinem Wagen muss, sein Wagen.





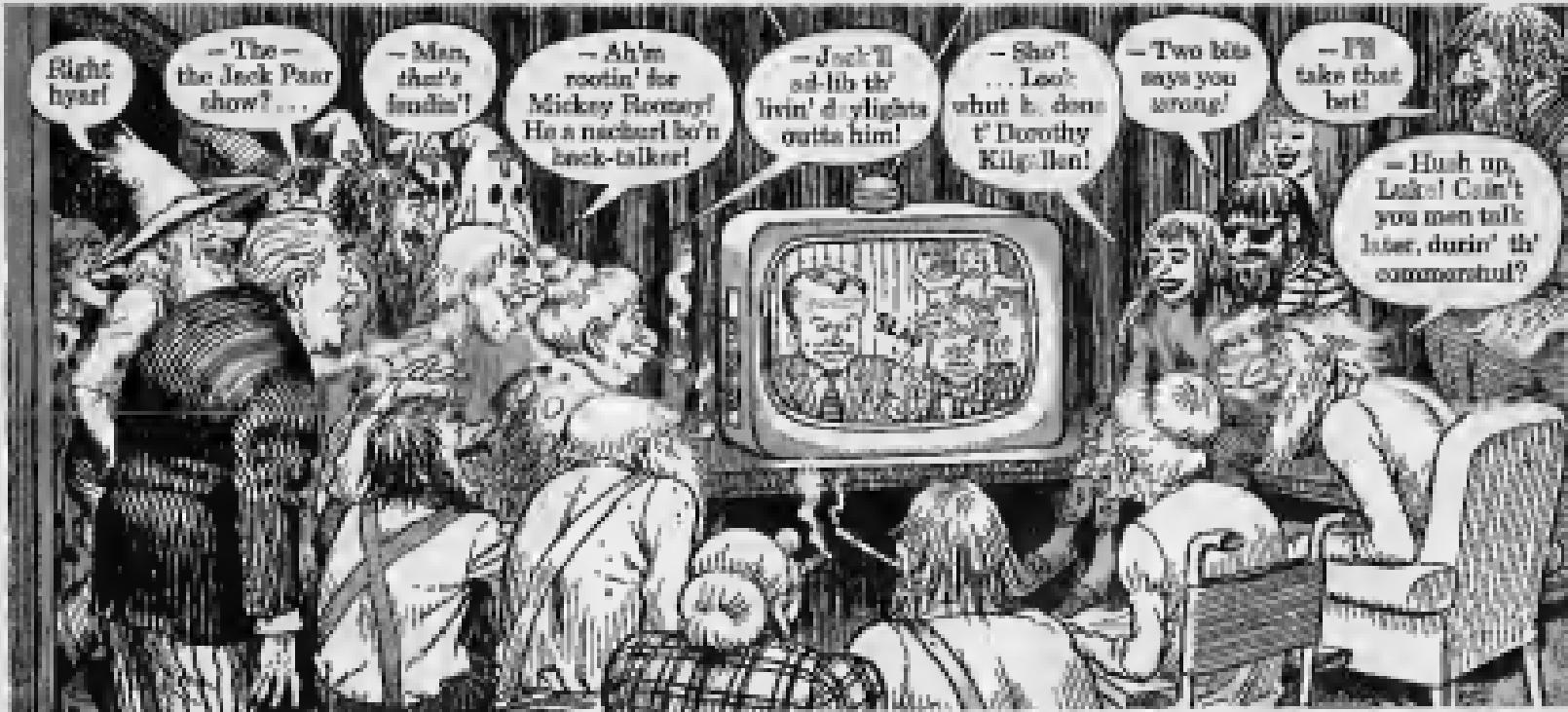












EXCITING FASHION IDEA  
LA VIE PARISIENNE — 1900

— THE ANKLE WATCH — A daring proposal to place  
a time-piece in the buckle of Milady's shoe —



GETTING UP

"O dear — noontime already."



THE COCKTAIL HOUR

"Woops! I think it's time to leave."



THE QUICK LUNCH  
"Time to catch my train — Now if I can,  
get the waiter's attention —."



THE SOCIAL CALL  
"I'd love to continue our talk Mr. Valentino  
but I keep looking at the time and —."



THE LADY DOCTOR  
"Eighty beats per minute — you  
certainly have a fever."



WINDING THE WATCH  
"When my timepiece stops —  
everything stops."

AMEN  
comic extraordinary  
as Mr. Maf in

## OFFICE PARTY



by Bernard Shir-Cliff  
photographed by Ron Harris

'Twas the night before  
Christmas and all through  
New York, yuletide office  
parties were in full, in-  
iquitous swing. Read on and  
you'll see what we mean...







Still, there's something about this party that doesn't remind me of Christmas.

I just can't put my finger on it.

Selma... Mr. Mafi would like to talk to you.

To me? How exciting! Oh— this is going to be just the best party ever!

Mr. Mafi must be a wonderful person. I'll bet he's terribly interesting once you get close to him.

Er... Yes... and Mr. Mafi does like to get close to his employees... likes to see them happy.









Mr. Mail! You pinched me!

Oh no! I  
didn't pinch.  
Is a piece of lint  
on your dress.  
I pluck it  
off...



I like you  
kid. You like  
me?

Oh yes! You're  
very kind. Anyone  
could see  
that...

How'd  
you like  
to be my  
secretary?

Oh that would  
be exciting.



HAH! But unfor-  
tunately I  
can't type.

So I  
type. You  
be my  
Friday  
girl.

You  
mean  
girl  
Friday.

I mean Friday girl.  
I already got a Monday  
girl, Tuesday girl...













In a way I'm glad I'm fired. I've had it up to here from Mr. Mafii and I've been too chicken to quit. Besides...

I hear Mr. Mafii's competition has been looking for help.

Let's all have a Christmas dinner together and celebrate.

This feels like the spirit of Christmas at last... And complete with Santa Claus.



# THE IMPATIENT MOMMY

Mike Thaler



1

Serpent, mommy.



2

Robot, mommy.



3

Whale, mommy.



4



5

Dragon, mommy



6

Thaler

# 77 PENNSY STRIP

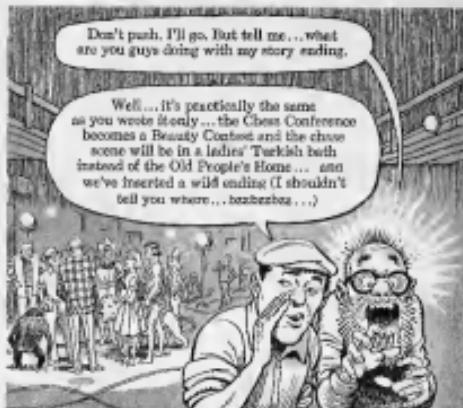
A short fantasy proving truth is indeed stranger than fiction . . . especially if you fake it.













END





# SHADOW-PLAY

Gahan Wilson







Graham Wilson

Heinrich  
Kley



Heinrich Kley was one of the most remarkable pen and ink satirists working in Germany at the turn of the century. Recently we received from Europe an old collection, new to us, of Kley's drawings—the best of which we've selected and published here for your inspection.



*continued* —





# WOHLNUTS

By Jack Wohl

OKAY, LEROY,  
NOW EXHALE.

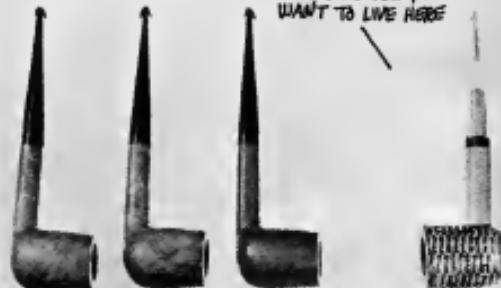
BUT HOW DO WE  
KNOW IF YOU'RE  
REALLY THE SHADOW?



CONGRATULATIONS, MILDRED  
IT'S LOVELY.



IT'S A NICE  
PLACE TO VISIT  
BUT I WOULN'T  
WANT TO LIVE HERE



Y'KNOW MILDRED,  
I STILL HAVEN'T  
GOTTEN OVER THE  
CHRISTMAS PARTY.



HOLY COW  
MARVIN, WHY  
DIDN'T YOU  
TELL ME  
IT WAS  
A COSTUME  
PARTY?

TELL ME HOWARD,  
DO YOU KNOW  
A GOOD  
DENTIST?



I KNOW THEY'RE  
HAPPY NOW,  
BUT IT WON'T  
LAST.



TELL ME HOWARD,  
DID YOU EVER THINK  
OF USING LANOLIN?



IS IT ANY WONDER  
THERE'S SO MUCH  
UNEMPLOYMENT?





DON'T DENY IT  
LEROY.  
YOU KNOW YOU  
MARRIED ME FOR  
MY MONEY.

WATCH IT  
HERBIE.



I THINK....



IT'S A  
TRAP.



BUTTERFINGERS!!!



## TELEVISION TANGLE



Concerning T. V. film-fights if ever they were for real, it is a medical fact —



—this blow would probably cause fracture of the mandible



— and this could seriously strain the pedioneme —



— and this, lacerations to the labium . . .



— this, crushed cervicals . . . damage to the patellae . . .



—disoriented diverticulum starting split in the portal vein or inferior vena cava —



—fractured tibia, fibia, radius, ulna, coccyx, pelvis —



—thoraco-lumbar displacement. Also subluxated acromion —



—zygomatico facial fracture —



—elevated epigastrium tendon —  
—pneumothorax maculated ... gastrochumeus ...



—ruptured gluteus maximus ... punctured saphenous vein ... hiatus hernia —



—syncopated syncope—



—multiple contusions, neurogenic shock and ventricular fibrillation terminating in certain death. However, as it is on television—



—this is only the first round of the film fight. The worst is yet to come.

END







# help's public gallery



Princeton Tiger



OKAY—IF THERE IS NO GOD, WHO CHANGES THE WATER?

Stanford Chopper



"AS LONG AS YOU'RE OVER THERE, WHY  
DON'T YOU POLISH THE CHROME?"



STEVE SUEYING



EDDIE FEE



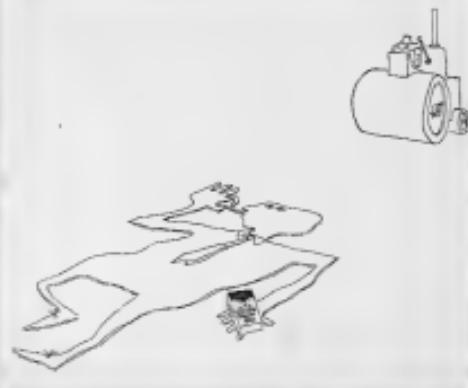
"Certainly. What kind of favor?"

Princeton Tiger



Skip Williamson

Tale Record



"OF COURSE A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE IT, BUT PERSONALLY  
I THINK IT STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB."

TALE RECORD



STEVE SURREINE



"HE LIKES CHILDREN."

George Price







You can have one from  
Column A, or two from Column  
B, or two from Column  
A and ...

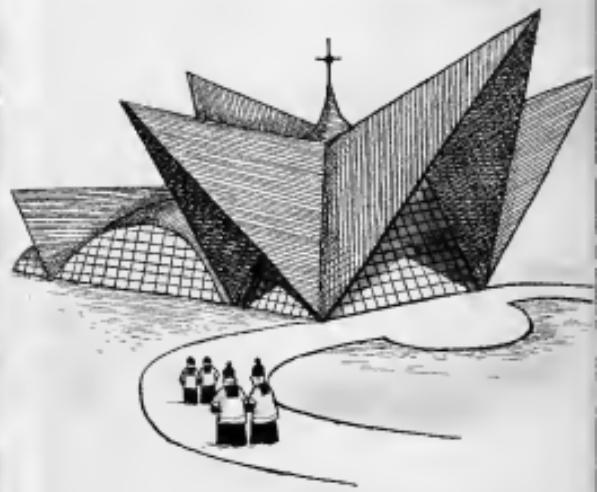


Is it  
"I" before "E"  
except after "C"  
or "R" be-  
fore "I"?

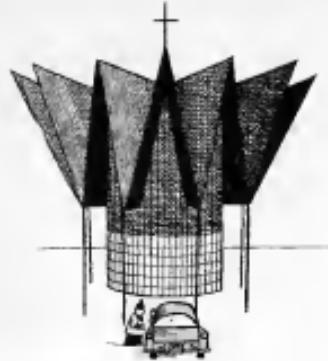


# Re-Formed Churches

By Bill Murphy



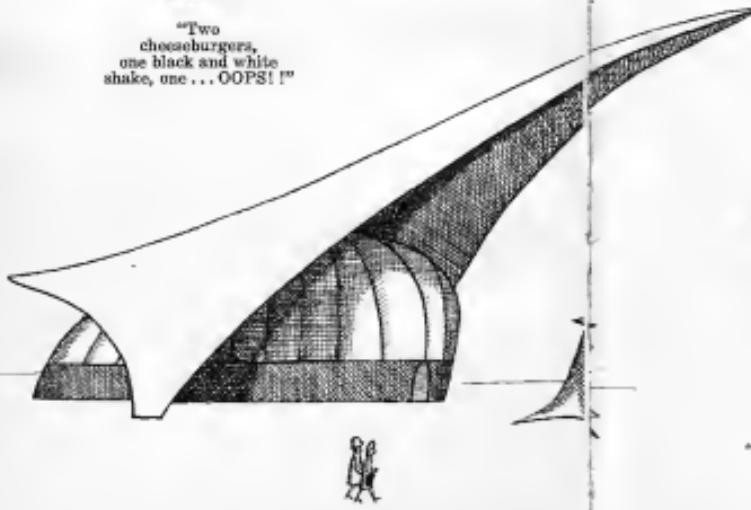
"I don't know what I'd do without the dear lads . . .  
They're the only ones who know how to get in . . ."



"Two  
cheeseburgers,  
one black and white  
shake, one . . . OOPS! !"



"No, no, no . . . The bottling plant is down the road! !"



"That reminds me, I have to get a new hat . . ."



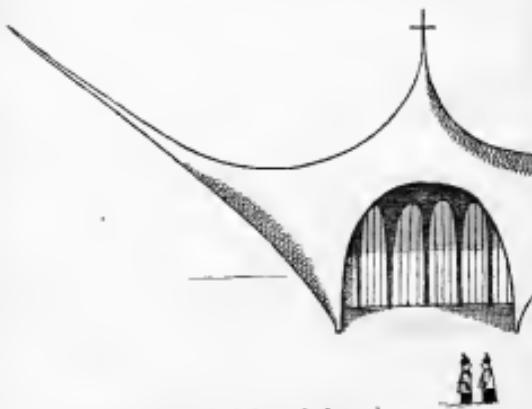
"Settle down man, settle down . . . Now what's  
this about Martians landing! ! ?"



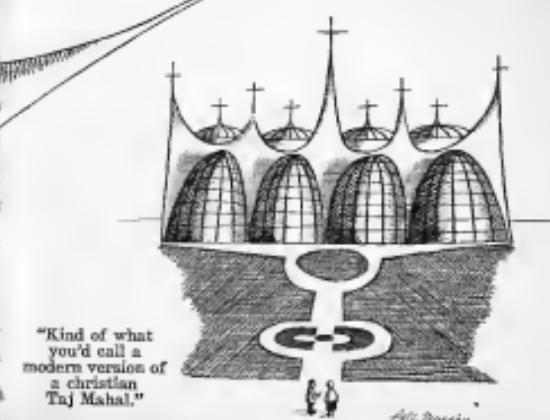
"I'm sorry children, but you'll just have to find a good sledding place elsewhere ..."



"Based on Simon called Peter who was this fisherman swallowed by this white whale called Moby Dick ... Anyway ... It's all very symbolic."



"This morning a little boy asked me when is it going to flap its wings and fly away ... ?"



"Kind of what you'd call a modern version of a christian Taj Mahal."

Bill Murphy





Mama,  
it's  
Lloyd Bridges!



Ob what, we ask, is beauty?  
(Of beauty we're all fond)  
At one time or another —  
you've glimpsed a fleeting blonde...

BEAUTY IS TRUTH?



—A slant of lip; a flush of hair;  
some white thing tightened on —  
You would see more, and yet before  
You've had enough, she's gone.



This White Horse Whiskey  
campaign is more trouble  
than it's worth!



The gorgeous women come and go.  
And yet to make come true  
the winter wild, of mind, beguiled —  
You almost never do.



But point's not won so we go on  
with blonde and rondelet,  
And sure enough — outside the store,  
she stands, then walks your way!



*The thrill of love's a chill that's warm,  
a trembling through and through.  
Oh heart be still! You have no will.  
She looking right at you!*



*With fix-ed eye and course, she moves;  
direct, erect and young,  
advancing with a swinging gait  
... a trifle over-young.*



*These ill facts are but knowledge  
and knowledge is but truth,  
She ope's her mouth to ask the time —  
Yes... spaces twist each tooth.*



*And through the spaces, breathing stale —  
Red mouth! Blonde hair! Oh each  
Are faded, faded as you leave  
her fading voice (a scream).*



*Less interlude — things true viewed.  
You swiftly take her in;  
'neath lowered lid, observe the legs  
... uncomfortably thin.*



*You both converge. Details emerge  
from make-up's water-jug.  
You lift your gaze to tilted nose  
... uncomfortably huge.*



*This poorly perfumed country now  
first-handled, you explore,  
find wrinkles in abundance  
and blemishes galore.*

*So what, we say, is beauty  
depends on what's in sight.  
And who's a dear at fifty feet —  
close-up may be a fright.*

\*

P.S.

*If you would love the ladies,  
listen carefully to me  
Don't put them in a microscope.  
Don't strip their mystery.*

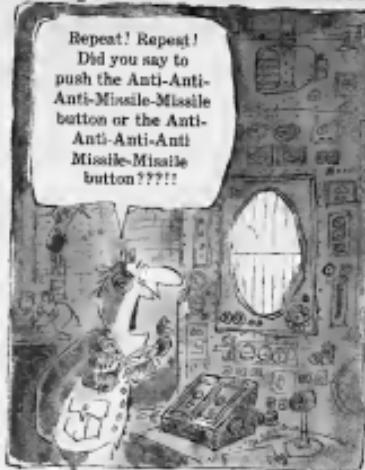
*True... by detailed observation,  
understanding oft' is won.  
Yet ignorance breeds mystery  
And a bell daze — sight more faint!*

*—H.K.*

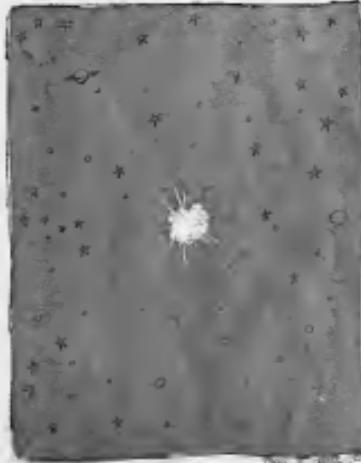




## NEARLY AUTOMATIC WARFARE



*continued*



CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis







Well how  
did I know they'd be  
working the North 40 today  
... And pull your  
suspenders up.



... and if I catch you  
going out without your  
dicke once more ...



Help! presents DICK VAN DYKE, mobile-faced star of Broadway musical "Bye-Bye Birdie", as sports-car-sport of

# BINKY and the STATUS-SINKER

*by Bernard Shir-Cliff*

With its sleek lines, virile performance and smooth handling, the sports car is just the thing to put you ahead of the pack—that pack of show-offs at the office we mean. What, then, will happen to friend Binky here. Is he forging ahead? Is he being lapped? Read on, read on...

Well Poo,  
my dear . . . how do  
you like it?

Oh Binky—  
it's fabulous!  
So expensive  
too.

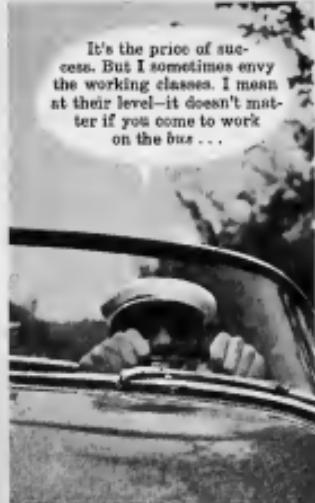


Photographs by Ron Harris



It's only money. After all, I am  
assistant to the producer now.

You're so right. You  
can't afford not to  
have the best.



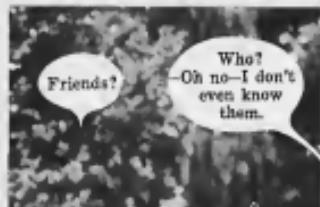
It's the price of suc-  
cess. But I sometimes envy  
the working classes. I mean  
at their level—it doesn't mat-  
ter if you come to work  
on the bus . . .



It's the price  
you pay for being  
creative. You'd never  
be happy with less  
than the best.



You're right.  
You understand  
me.



















After the  
Perzari, what  
else is there?



Whattaya  
say, chick—want  
a lift?



END



But a whole  
day of this? — You  
must realize, I'm not  
young as you Lolita...



This year  
we clean  
the pool!



And then  
as an encore,  
I...

# Xmas Cards

BY

Ed  
Fisher

"Well — which one  
do we follow?"



3 SANTAS!  
NO WAITING  
AT OUR JIM'S TOYLAND



"A group of Magi brought us these gifts last night. My wife wonders if we could exchange them."

**TENSE?**  
**NERVOUS?**  
**TIRED?**  
**READ HELP!**  
**AND RELAX**

**see? you're feeling  
better already**

F A W C E T T   W O R L D   L I B R A R Y



It's been  
scanned  
by DRECSI